Virtuous

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Virtuous

by StratsWrote

Summary

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Nigel gives his wrists a little twist, tugging at the soft, padded cuffs for a minute. “Nah,” he finally decides, letting his hands rest on the pillows above his head.

“Better be sure,” Aiden teases. “Wouldn’t want you losing circulation before I’m done with you.”

“If you’re gonna do what I think you’re gonna do, gorgeous, there won’t be any blood left in my hands to worry about.”

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Aiden snickers, shifting back until he’s directly above Nigel’s burgeoning erection, separated only by the thin cotton of their underwear. “I don’t know what I’m going to do yet, so there’s no way you do.” He ground down against Nigel, smirking at the choked moan Nigel gave.

“I have… a pretty good guess,” Nigel ground out.

“You always do,” Aiden murmured. “Clever man.”

Nigel flushed so prettily whenever Aiden complimented him. It was addicting. Aiden slid off his lap, ignoring Nigel’s noise of protest in favor of settling himself between Nigel’s thighs.

“You look so good like this,” Aiden said. “You always look good, but tied up and at my mercy is a particularly attractive style.”

Nigel raised an eyebrow, cheeks still pink. “I hope you’re gonna do more than just look.”

“Patience is a virtue,” Aiden sang, hooking his fingers in the waistband of Nigel’s boxers.

“I’m not a virtuous man, darling.”

“Sure you are,” Aiden murmured, dragging the garment down Nigel’s thighs. “Courage is also a virtue. So’s perseverance.”

Nigel laughed, helpless. Adam’s breath was hot against the head of his cock, and he squirmed under the attention. “You’re telling me my stubbornness is a goddamn virtue?”

“As far as the Romans were concerned.” Aiden gave him a wink. “How about we test your discipline next?” He stuck his tongue out, delivering a teasing lick to the very tip.

“What about mercy,” Nigel moaned. Aiden laughed.

“Baby, I never said *I* was a virtuous man.”

Aiden ducked his head, taking Nigel’s cock between his lips. His tongue teased at all the sensitive places he’d long since mapped out, a few bobs of his head bringing Nigel to full hardness.

“There we go,” Aiden said when he pulled off. “You’re ready for me, now.”

“Fuck,” Nigel hissed.

Aiden stood from the bed, his back to Nigel so he could show off his ass as he wriggled out of his briefs, just a hint of skin peeking out from under Nigel’s shirt.

“You’re gonna kill me, baby.”

“Now, where’s the fun in that?”

Aiden turned, the hem of the shirt brushing his thighs, the top two buttons undone. Teasing Nigel with his favorite sights, but not offering them up. He straddled Nigel’s hips again, smiling impishly down at him. “You’re so good to me,” he said in a teasing lilt, reaching behind himself to grip Nigel’s cock with a lube-slick hand. He had readied himself in the shower earlier, not wanting to wait once Nigel was ready for him.

“Not gonna give me a show, gorgeous?”

“I’m giving you plenty,” Aiden said, lining himself up. “Besides, I just want to enjoy you without distractions.”

Nigel’s eyes fluttered shut as Aiden lowered himself onto his cock, his hands white knuckled fists around the slats in the headboard. Aiden sighed happily once he was seated, shifting impatiently atop Nigel.

“You’re so beautiful,” he said, beginning a slow, careful rhythm. “And so good for me, Nigel.”

“Fuck, gorgeous—”

“Handsome,” Aiden said, running his palms over Nigel’s chest. “Strong. God, those arms, I’m almost tempted to let you go so I can feel them.”

Nigel’s breath quickened, his heels digging into the bed as he thrust up into Aiden’s welcoming heat. Aiden laughed breathlessly.

“Good boy,” he whispered. “Good boy, show me how much you love me.”

It was difficult with his hands bound as they were, but Nigel was a wild thing beneath him, arching his back, bucking his hips up . Aiden rode it out with heady moans and soft whines, until his own cock was dripping onto Nigel’s belly.

“You’re amazing,” Aiden gasped. “So big, so thick. So *good* for me. Come on, Nigel, make me come.”

Nigel let out a low groan, hands twisting uselessly in the cuffs. Aiden wrapped a hand around himself, coming hard across Nigel’s chest, splashing all the way up to his collarbones.

“Good,” Aiden said, unable to form any more words than that. He rolled his hips with a sore little whimper, tightening himself around Nigel.

“God, fuck, can I—”

“Come,” Aiden moaned. “Come for me, Nigel.”

Nigel’s orgasm was a breathtaking thing, his whole body going taught as he spilled into Aiden. After, Aiden collapsed to the side, resting his palm against Nigel’s damp chest as he tried to catch his breath.

“Gimme a minute,” he mumbled, pressing a kiss to Nigel’s collarbone. “Just a second to rest, then I’ll release you.”

“Take your time,” Nigel whispered back. “Fuck, gorgeous, you wrecked me.”

Aiden hid a smile against Nigel’s chest. “Can’t help myself,” he said. “Not when I have my good boy at my mercy.”

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